208

60

The INFORMER's DITTY.

An excellent NEW BALLAD.

I.

I'LL tell you a Tale if you'll pardon the Verſe,
The Tricks of a *Knave* I mean to Rehearſe;
What is he you ſay? Why, what is he not?
Rogue, *Pimp*, and *Informer*, all in one LOT.
Derry down, down derry down.

II.

His Tricks to the Eaſtward this *Babe* long had play'd,
For which many Drubbings he got as 'tis ſaid;
But kicking not making him better one Jot,
They e'en were reſolv'd to get rid of their LOT.
Derry down, &c.

III.

In kindneſs they ſent us ſo precious a *Prize*,
A Bag full of Miſchief, low Cunning, and Lies;
With Malice, ſly Cant, and Hypocriſy fraught,
Sure no one can ſay but we had a bad LOT.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

To this Place he came down with not much in his Purſe,
For he brought nothing with him, but every one's Curſe;
To Informing and Miſchief directly he got,
For *Informing's* his Trade, and ſuch is our LOT.
Derry down, &c.

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V.

At firſt he began with a truſty old *Clerk*,
And many foul Stabs he gave in the Dark;
But *long-tried Integrity* ſmil'd at the Plot,
And for ever ſhall ſmile in ſpite of our LOT.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

He then caſt his miſchievous Eyes on the *Ground*,
Where nothing but Neatneſs and Beauty was found;
Like SATAN he view'd it and thought it, I wot,
As ſurely it was, too good for our LOT.

Derry down, &c.

VII.

The *Devil* ſometimes doth tempt us they ſay,
But *this Devil* makes one to Sin every Day;
For ſtrive all we can, I fear we ſhall not
Be e'er brought to ſay we're content with our LOT.

Derry down, &c.

VIII.

But as we wou'd wiſh good Chriſtians to be,
So in my next wiſh you can't but agree;
May ROGUES of all Sorts to Juſtice be brought,
And we in that Caſe ſhall be freed from our LOT.

Derry down, down, down derry down.